

Suffocation, Prelude To Repulsion

Pressure on the inner walls of my brain grows heavier. I must alleviate the pain I feel, for soon many will die as they come before me with effortless attempts. The search for divine power beckons me and the only way to achieve is to destroy. Victims of a torn society lay in waste, as I pick through the bloody carcasses. Dead bodies just seem to fall before me.

Saving the most edible morsels, the weak ones scatter. With bloody weapon in hand, I tear through the limbs. Cries of anguish filter through the land, echoing in the valley. Many have tried to come before me with effortless attempts. I sift my way through the fields of dead bodies, stopping to take a trophy or two.

The fields run deep and far, for I have killed many and I must travel far to reach my destination.

My final resting place, where I will be reborn. For now, the air is still, smell of dead bodies is ever so prevalent. I am the last and here I shall remain. The pain I have once felt is lifted from my being. Villages of useless waste, a race which does not deserve to live. I reek havoc amongst the children from a present with no future,

For I am the strong and those who defy me lay in waste. The days of travel are long and the stench of how many I have killed lingers on.

I am tired and need rest, but the forces pulls me to my destination